



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1804.

# ESSAYS.

## THE PASSENGER—No. XI.

AT the inn where we dined, we noticed a woman, whose disconsolate manner, and dejected countenance, so interested the sympathy of the passengers, that some questions respecting her were put to the hostess, who informed us that she was a relation of the family, some time since married to a creature of so malignant a disposition, that it was affronting to the brute creation to call him a beast. She then proceeded to give us some particulars of the base treatment her kins-woman had suffered, and concluded with observing, that her constitution and her heart were broken, and that the cheerfulness of one of the sweetest tempers she ever knew, was turned to a settled melancholy. But it is not likely, said she, that her feeble frame can long sustain the shocks it has to endure, for she appears to me to be pretty near the end of her sufferings. Some of the passengers appeared to be shocked at the narration which the land-lady had given us, and I took the liberty of asking her, why the friends of the lady did not appeal to the laws for redress.—Because, said she, *you men make the laws, and you have made none whereby the abused, insulted, and tormented wife can find redress.* The force of her reproof summoned a blush of confusion, which I felt, as if I had actually been a member of a legislating body. The Doctor observing my embarrassment, said it was too true, that the laws were extremely lax on this subject, as they only afford to an injured wife the solitary relief of a separation from her husband and children; and nature had bound the mother in maternal ties of affection to her offspring, which no sufferings could destroy or relax.

Upon returning to the carriage, our conversation was continued respecting the unhappy woman we had seen; when the Doctor remarked, that it had ever appeared to him that some correction was wanting in our laws, to curb the tyranny of a base husband, over an unoffending wife, whom he had voluntarily bound himself to protect and to cherish. In other cases, said he, men are bound to fulfil their obligations according to

their tenor; if this same cruel husband had promised a sum of money, the laws would oblige him to pay it;—he was proceeding, when Mrs. Short Metre interrupted him with:

*Ah, they are both in the fault.*

Do you know them then?

No.

How is it then possible to decide that both are in the fault? Do no instances exist of the strong oppressing the weak? Is human nature so perfect, that no aggression is ever offered by baseness, to the injury of feeble innocence, without a fault having been previously committed to deserve that injury?

This is another instance, said he, of a general public evil, which wants a remedy. It is a disgrace to nations which call themselves civilized, that in any case power is permitted with impunity to put its cloven foot on the neck of weakness. How odious would that being appear, who nerved in health and strength, should exercise that strength over the sick and debilitated? And where is the difference between weakness produced by infirmity, and that which exists in the feebleness of constitution or the delicacy of sex? The injury is as sensibly felt in one case as in the other, and the sufferer as unable to maintain an equality, by opposing weakness to strength. It is only custom which has made the difference, while reason and justice pass the decree of condemnation equally on both.

As the laws present no redress for the sufferings of the tortured wife, such a council as I have proposed, might interpose their kind offices, and if they should fail of reducing a wretch to reason, they might at least confine him within the bounds of decency.

If only individuals were sufferers in this general calamity, the case would not so loudly demand the interference of public attention; but where families of children are brought up for destruction, in consequence of this spirit of tyranny, which annihilates maternal government, the public tranquility is impaired and its morals vitiated. It is therefore of public as well as private concern, that decent conduct be enforced, on such beings as are unfit to dwell in society,

without coercive measures, binding them to their duty.

These instances which are so common, said the Doctor, of cruel and tyrannical husbands sporting with the rights of the unhappy beings, who are subjects of their arbitrary wills, often, too often, call to my mind, a recollection of the following story, which I some years since met with, in an old publication. A young man who had been brought up by indulgent parents, under no controul but that of his own will, at their death came into possession of their immense estate, to which he was sole heir. He purchased a retired seat in the southerly part of Europe, and employed numerous emissaries, to bring him intelligence of the most beautiful and amiable unmarried women, which were to be found in the country—as his heart was incapable of a tender or generous passion, it was a matter of no consequence who his wife should be, provided she was the best piece of goods of that kind which could be procured: he held the transaction in no other light. With these views, and the assistance of his spies, he found one of the most lovely of the sex, and surmounted no great difficulties in obtaining her for his wife, as he was young, handsome and rich; which last circumstance would have commanded the approbation of the lady's parents, if the man had been as deformed in body as in mind. They were at the time of his application endeavoring to force their daughter to a marriage with an old man, because he was rich; but finding the other much more so, they readily acquiesced in the proposal, which was accepted by her, rather than to be forced into the arms of age and infirmity. She was immediately after marriage, carried to her husband's seat, which was many leagues distant; here she was considered by him as a piece of brittle furniture, which required watching. A dissolute character set his eye on her, and found means to make a proposal, which she resented, as the highest insult, and consequently spurned him with indignation. His disappointment and disgust, produced a determined endeavor to obtain revenge, which, by knowing the husband's baseness, he accomplished. Whenever he could by any

means obtain information of the husband's going to the city, he would place himself after dark near the house, so as to be seen going from it, by the husband when he returned in the evening. A few instances were sufficient to produce the spirit of jealousy, which the villain sought to excite. The husband, without communicating his suspicions or design, caused a small room to be erected, with double walls, in the centre of a large one; openings were left for the admission of air, through each wall, but not opposite to each other, so that not a ray of light could enter;—the entrance to this room was a kind of porch equally dark—a door to each was so fixed as to be unfastened or secured at pleasure by a person outside, but not inside;—a rug and a blanket were placed in the room, which with one exception, was all the furniture it contained; with these accommodations his wife was forced into the room, and there secured;—small quantity of water was carried her in the morning, a few ounces of bread at noon, and as much meat in the evening;—these were at their seasons placed on a shelf in the porch, after which the outer door was secured and the inner one unfastened, that she might obtain the food which was allowed her, without speaking to a fellow mortal, or seeing a ray of light. After some months it was observed that she only eat the bread and the meat, leaving the water nearly undiminished.

But an offensive stench in a few weeks after, obliged them to open the room, when they found her corpse in a rapid state of decay. On examining the porch, it was discovered that the rats had made a passage into it, and consumed the bread and the meat, which had been regularly placed there.

Within about two years, a felon who was condemned to be executed, sent for the husband and informed him that the tortures of his mind were such, that he could not die satisfied, without making the communication, that he was the person who had been seen going from the house, and his reason for inventing the stratagem, was the indignation, with which that best of women had treated a dishonorable proposal from him. But, said he to the husband, I wish to add to my confession, this one remark.—If there is a purgatory for me, there is a hell for you.—The influence of this man's confession, and the severity of his remark, produced from the husband, one of the best acts of his life—for he returned immediately home and shot himself.

Now, said the Doctor, turning to Mrs. Short Metre, if you had been witness of these circumstances, I suppose you would have said—*Al! they are both in the fault.*

Nothing is more disgusting in conversation, than *egotism*, and nothing renders a man more truly ridiculous.

## MISCELLANY.

Messrs. McDOWELL & GAREAR,

Your giving the following FRAGMENT a place in your entertaining miscellany, will confer a particular favor on W. I.

## A FRAGMENT.

*"This world is a prison in every respect,  
Whose walls are the heavens in common;  
The jailor is sin—the prisoners men,  
And the fetters are nothing but women."*

SCARCE had I read thus far, when the remembrance of my own sufferings returned with double violence. Hitherto they had been locked in the innermost recesses of my own breast; I now resolved to give them vent. The sun had not yet gained its meridian height, but wished he had already set. With the impatience of a true lover, I anxiously waited for the evening's approach; I watched through the day the lazy clock, and was almost induced to advance the hands to hasten the much wished for moment. It at length arrived. The secret forebodings of my mind had already informed me that the events of that night would render me completely happy, or make me the most wretched of mankind. With the familiarity of an old acquaintance, I entered her door, omitting to announce my approach. Judge my surprise.—I found her in the arms of \*\*\*.

Gracious heaven!—I exclaimed, endeavoring to find the outer door—support me through this trial, do with me then as thou seest fit.—The glorious orb of night had just risen in full splendor; the twinkling stars were beginning to unfold their beauties in the firmament; all nature smiled around me; each countenance that I saw bore the marks of gaiety, of happiness.—I alone miserable—O most lovely, most enchanting girl—why were you formed so fair?—O goddess of nature, if e'er thou condescend to listen to the prayer of mortals, O tell me why hast thou lavished on her all thy choicest gifts, as if intent to show what could be done? All, all you have bestowed on her—

*"Nature in her has her whole self outdone,  
And robs the sex to crowd them into one."*

But hold, is she not false? And art not thou who formed her so fair, the cause? O no—who could behold thee without admiration? who listen to thy artless tale and feel other sentiments than those of virtuous love? just gods, ye who direct our every action, judge of the sincerity of my attachment. Who can now describe my feelings, or calm the raging torments of my breast? who can administer the balm of comfort to my sick heart, or give consolation to the wretched?

Scarce had I spoken thus, when I discovered I had involuntarily wandered to the

bank of Connestogoe. At that instant resolved to end my sufferings—fly to the throne of mercy—to the residence of good, "from whence no traveller returns. But have I power over my own life? Certainly I have not. O lovely girl why art thou false? why did my throbbing heart teach me to believe my love returned? why did thy infatuating smiles, aided by the irresistible power of thy all conquering eyes, impress me with a belief that I was a happy man? You surely are no coquette. You never could trifle with the affections another—'tis impossible! How—how was I deceived? Perhaps I dream—O the conflicting passions of my bosom tell me 'tis no illusion—but a dreadful reality. Every idea of exalted happiness which my youthful imagination had fondly anticipated has now vanished from me, forever. "The bubble's burst." No alternative remains but to leave the place—where I once enjoyed happiness nearly celestial. Each moment of my present misery brings to recollection, pleasures which destroy my peace and must be blotted from my memory.

*Come sympathetic friend, draw near  
And drop for me a pitying tear;  
Compell'd to leave you and to bid adieu  
To love, to friendship, happiness and you  
Retirement seek in Carolina's plains—  
There end my sufferings, or endure my pains*

*A Mother, to her Daughter, going to be married.*

YOU are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length, conducted you to a safe, happy and honorable protection, in the very bosom of love and honor. You must be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever with reverence and delight have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man, who confers upon you independence, distinction, and, above all, felicity.

Moderate then, my beloved child, your own private expenses, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes.

I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honor and happiness, and to heaven itself, for those rich talents intrusted to your care and improvement; and though in the maze of pleasure, or the whirl of fashion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling girl, there is a record which will one day appear in a terrible evidence against us for our least omission.



## MORAL.

## FOR THE HIVE.

OH! mortal man, when the solemn alarm of death strikes you with reverential awe; when the fear of an approaching dissolution seizes upon you; and when the thoughts of entering into an immortality, either of misery or celestial bliss, crowd into the weak mind, then is the trying moment—the period of terror and dread! Happiest of mortals is he, who can now reflect upon a well-spent life, and by a conscious innocence, as far as human frailty will permit, bid defiance to the pointed arrows of death, and be enabled to exclaim, in the language of sacred writ, “Oh death! where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory?”

## A SAD REFLECTION.

THE keen wind of the mountain shakes the attired garments of the care-worn traveller as he bends before the storm; but the pelting of the tempest impedes not his course. Hope animates his mind; his home is present to his view; domestic affection cheers his heart, and the expected smile of welcome gives vigor to his limbs. In fancy he beholds the cheerful blaze on his cottage hearth, and his steps quicken, but the whirlwind arises, and the forest-oak tumbles to its root. The blue lightning darts across the blackened horizon, and the shrieks of dismay are heard from afar. He reaches the threshold of his clay-built cot; all within is silent as the grave—for there the partner of his cares lies a stifled corpse. The gloom of despair shivers at his heart: he sinks on the earth and rises no more.

Thus the mind meets adversity, buffets its keen strokes, and becomes vigorous by exertion; until one piercing shaft drives hope from the breast, and the heart sinks oppressed at the saddened prospect; but sorrow will have an end, and the grave is the refuge of despair.

## AMUSING.

## DROLL STORY OF A FISHERMAN.

THE Marquis Della Scalas, in Italy, once invited the neighboring gentry to a grand entertainment, and all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided. Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their very early respects to his excellency; when the major-demo, all in a hurry, came into the dining-room, “My Lord,” said he, “here is a most wonderful fisherman below, who has brought one of the finest fish I believe in all Italy; but then he demands such a price for it!” “Regard not his price,” cried the marquis, “pay it him down directly.” “So I would, please your highness, but he refused to take money.”

“Why, what would the fellow have?” “A hundred strokes of the strapado on the bare shoulders, my lord, he says he will not bate of a single blow.” Here they all ran down to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman. “A fine fish,” (cried the marquis) “what is your demand, my friend? you shall be paid on the instant.” “Not a quatrini, my lord; I will not take money! if you’d have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strapado upon my naked back; if not, I shall go and apply elsewhere.” “Rather than lose your fish, said his highness let the fellow have his humor.—Here! (he cried to one of his grooms discharge this honest man’s demand; but don’t lay on very hard; don’t hurt the poor devil much.” The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lord’s orders in execution. “Now my friend,” cried the fishmonger keep good account, I beseech you, for I am not covetous of a single stroke beyond my due.” They all stood suspended in amazement while this operation was carrying on. At length, on the instant that the executioner had given the fiftieth lash, “Hold!” (cried the fisherman) “I have already received my full share of the price.” “Your share! (questioned the marquis) what can you mean by that?” “Why, my lord, you must know I have a partner in this business; my honor is engaged to let him have the half of whatever I shall get; and I fancy that your highness will acknowledge by and by, that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.” “And pray my friend, who is this same partner of your’s?” “It is the porter, my lord, who guards the out-gate of your highness’s palace: he refused to admit me, but on the condition of promising him the half of what I should get for the fish.” “Oh! oh! (exclaimed the marquis, breaking out into a laugh) by the blessing of heaven he shall have his demand doubled him in full tale.” Here the porter was sent for, and stripped to the skin; when two grooms laid upon him with might and main. The marquis then ordered his major-demo to pay the fisherman twenty sequins, and desired him to call yearly for the like sum, in recompence for the friendly office he had rendered him.

## A SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. George Martin, an American, having, by a sedulous attention to his profession, acquired a knowledge in boot and shoe making, proposes on Wednesday, September 5th, at Mr. Ellis’s tavern, to exhibit to the inspection of the public, a boot of his own workmanship, which has four feet, one leg, one heel, with a bell in the centre, made on a wooden last, without any apparent sign how or where the last and tree were taken out. He will also exhibit a shoe, without any seam or opening, which will puzzle the most penetrating eye to discover the aper-

ture out of which the last was taken. He will also exhibit a specimen of his common wearing work, which is far superior to any imported. All the above have been examined by several gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, before the tree and last were taken therefrom, and acknowledged it to have been the greatest curiosity of the kind they had ever seen; no alterations have since been made. The public may be assured there is no paste, glue, or cement of any kind used.

He will also perform on the SLACK ROPE, various evolutions; displaying feats of activity in a workman-like manner: viz. he will work on a turn pump in seven different positions. Mr. Martin does not wish to be considered a rope-dancer or a tumbler—his only aim is to procure a small pittance to enable him to set up his business, and furnish to his fellow-citizens the neatest boots and shoes that can be made. [Eastern paper.]

Lancaster, November 21, 1804.

Tager Talpier lately died in Germany, aged one hundred and twenty. He had buried ten wives; the eleventh, who is now living, is twenty-six years old. By her he had five children, the youngest is five months old; by his other wives he had thirty-one children, all of which are now living, married and have large families.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

CHARLES M'DOWELL begs leave to inform the subscribers to the HIVE, and the public in general, that he has entered into partnership with Mr. WILLIAM GREAR, in the publication of the said paper, and in the prosecution of every other branch of the printing business, under the firm of M'DOWELL & GREAR.

As the Hive-office has been considerably enlarged, with a neat and general assortment of printing materials, we will be enabled to execute all kinds of printing in a superior style of elegance, on the shortest notice, and most moderate terms:—And, as we will assiduously endeavor to give general satisfaction to all those who may favor us with their commands, we doubt not of receiving, from a generous public, patronage proportionate to our honest endeavors.

## Private Tuition.

GEORGE CORREL will attend Young Ladies and Gentlemen, at their respective houses, a few hours in the day, on moderate terms, for the purpose of teaching English Grammar, according to the system of Louth, Ash, Davis, or Murray: Also, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, &c.

Those Ladies and Gentlemen who may please to honor him with their commands, shall be immediately attended to, by leaving their address with the Printer.

Lancaster, Nov. 6. 1804.

## POETRY.

## FOR THE HIVE.

TO LAURA.

O, realize  
My visioned prize,  
Thy dream, the latter part!  
Accept a kiss,  
But crown the bliss,  
Accept, return, a heart!  
15 November. STREPHON.

## FOR THE HIVE.

AN ODE,

*Written on the prospect of Death.*

OH! thou omnipotent divine,  
My dearest, truest friend;  
Whose kindness doth unceasing shine,  
And lingering life extend.  
If nature, frail, made me a slave,  
To things I ought to shun;  
I can but thy forgiveness crave,  
Or, say, "thy will be done."  
This moment's mine, by thy command,  
But ere the next begins,  
Perhaps I in thy presence stand,  
To answer for my sins!  
Before that dread tribunal, where  
All pleading's set aside;  
Where wickedness and virtue, rare,  
Thy judgment must abide.  
If I have err'd, as well I may,  
On life's precarious road,  
'Twas youthful folly led the way,  
And passions, wild, did goad.  
If youth's desires, then, urg'd me on  
From virtues path to stray;  
And guided, by a vicious thought,  
I yielded to their sway:  
Oh! thou all-good, for such thou art,  
Forgive with father-love;  
Estrange from wickedness this heart,  
And fit it for above. A.

## NOVELIST.

## ANGELINA—A TALE.

*[Concluded from Page 88.]*

ANGELINA had scarcely seen any other man in her life; certainly loved none so well; and considering little the nature of the engagement, or the disparity of their years, consented without the smallest reluctance, as the most effectual method of ensuring his perpetual protection for herself and brother, whose return now was hourly designed from a foreign expedition, when the ceremony was expected to take place immediately. The wished-for period arrived—Charles rushed into the arms of an affectionate sister—a kind benefactor. With him he brought a youth; introduced to their notice as one, who, at the risk of his own life, had been the preserver of his, in an enterprise of eminent danger. The modest and pensive looks of the young stranger, spoke strongly in his favor; and

upon being questioned by Mr. Barfleur respecting his name and family, he replied with an air of distress and humility—"Excuse me, sir, on a subject that gives me the most poignant grief. I know but one parent: she fell the victim of parental cruelty, and base seduction; yet her virtues were such as reflect shame on her persecutors; and I live to lament her misfortunes, and revenge her wrongs!"

As his fine countenance was agitated by contending passion, Angelina surveyed him with mixed surprise and admiration, and, for the first time, wished her destined husband otherwise than he really was. Mr. Barfleur watched her with looks of mistrust, and trembled for his own success, when contrasted, as he now was, with youth and beauty.

Charles finding he had done wrong in introducing a stranger, apologized with the most respectful timidity; and as Mr. Barfleur could do no less than give him a courteous reception, a short time removed all appearance of restraint. Charles expressed the most unfeigned astonishment at the proposed arrangement, yet it was unmixed with dissatisfaction; and Angelina sighed as her lips moved in confirmation of the intelligence.

The young stranger gazed attentively at the whole party, and again relapsed into a state of dejection. In a few days every thing was prepared for the nuptials; and as the hour approached, the heart of Angelina sunk with reluctance. A heavy gloom sat on the brow of Charles, and a tear fell upon the hand of his sister as he raised it to his lips to congratulate her on her approaching happiness. On the morning appointed for the ceremony, the stranger was no where to be found; but in the dressing-room was the following note, addressed to Charles Brunville:

"An unhappy passion, which not even the utmost exertion of my reason can restrain, has occasioned me to act in this mysterious manner. The partiality which your friendship has procured me from your lovely sister, may, in time, be productive of fatal consequences; and as I dare not attempt to injure the benefactor of one I so much esteem, I must tear myself for ever from an object so attracting as Angelina. To hear of her welfare is all the consolation I dare hope for; and my most fervent prayers shall be offered up for her happiness. EDGAR."

Charles instantly put this note into his patron's hand, and watched his eyes with the most eager attention. Mr. Barfleur read it in visible agitation: his hand shook, and tears filled his eyes—"Tell me, candidly, Charles," cried he, "do you imagine Angelina has a partiality for this youth?—Remember I question you upon your honor!"

Charles tremblingly replied—"I dare not deceive you, sir, I suspect she has."

Mr. Barfleur struck his forehead in doubt and uneasiness—"I see my error," cried he, "and am deservedly punished; but, suffer

what I may, I will act in an honorable manner—I swore to be the friend of your mother, of her children, and I will prove myself so—not by binding an innocent, lovely girl in bonds of misery!—but by making two worthy hearts happy, deserve happiness myself. You, Charles, I suppose, know where your friend is to be found. Recal him; and if I find, upon further investigation, that he is worthy of my Angelina, she shall be all his own."

Penetrated with joy, Charles blessed his benefactor with undissembled sincerity, and instantly wrote to Edgar, who had joined his company, to return, as the leave of absence granted them was not expired; acquainting him with the whole transaction. Edgar returned immediately; and after paying his acknowledgments, was closetted with Mr. Barfleur. When they returned, a gleam of the most heart-felt pleasure shone on all his features, and, presenting him to Angelina, he said—"Heaven, my dear children, never fails to reward a benevolent action. By designing good to others, I have myself derived a most essential benefit. I blush, even at this advanced age, to recal to mind the follies of my youth. Edgar is my son!—By me was his mother seduced and abandoned; yet I have since suffered pangs of the deepest anguish. My child shall now be rewarded for the injury I did his mother; and Angelina shall no longer be constrained to me as a husband, but pay me, voluntarily, the love of an affectionate and dutiful child."

The exultation of conscious virtue sparkled in his eyes as his children knelt round him; and, extending his hands with a paternal benediction, he exclaimed—"Would I exchange this blissful moment for what a selfish gratification, founded on the misery of another, could produce? No, no!—Happiness is only to be found in dispensing it to others; and I now feel, that, however passion or prejudice may delude us, the benefits we confer on others are reflected ten-fold upon ourselves by the blessings of a peaceful conscience."

A short time after Edgar's union with a most amiable young woman, Mr. Barfleur waited on her grandfather; and, after informing him of every event, prevailed on him to see the children of his unfortunate son. Pride, operating as powerfully as affection, induced him to comply; and their engaging manners soon so effectually removed every unfavorable impression, that, at his death, they became sole possessors of his immense fortune.

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LANCASTER, (Penn.)

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M'DOWELL &amp; GREAR,

AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN EAST KING-STREET.

Where Subscriptions, at \$2.00 Dollars per annum, will be thankfully received.